Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crownd, Buckingham, Catesby with other Nobles.

King Stand al apart. Cosin of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth the throne.*
Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistance is king Richard seated:
But shal we weare these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioice in them.
Buc. Stil liue they, and for euer may they last.
King Ri. O Buckingham, now do I plaie the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Young Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.
Buc. Saie on my gracious soueraigne.
King Whie Buckingham, I saie I would be king.
Buc. Whie so you are my thrice renowned liege.
King Ha: am I king? tis so, but Edward liues.
Buc. True noble prince.
King O bitter consequence,
That Edward stil should liue true noble prince.
Cosin, thou wert not wont to be so dul:
Shal I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenlie performde.
What saist thou? speake suddenlie, be briefe.
Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.
King Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindnesse freezeth.
Saie, haue I thy consent that they shal die?
Buc. Giue me some breath, some little pause my lord,
Before I positiuelie speake herein:
I wil resolue your grace immediatlie. *Exit.*
Catesb. The king is angrie, see, he bites the lip.
King I wil conuerse with iron witted fooles
And vnrespectiue boies, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eies:

Boy,

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.
Boy. My Lord.
King. Knowst thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
Boy. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie mind,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name.
Boy. His name my Lord is Tirrell.
King. Go call him hither presentlie,
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde
And stops he now for breath? *Enter Darby.*
How now, what newes with you?
Darby. My Lord, I heare the Marques Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those partes beyond the seas where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne gentleman,
Whom I will marrie straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes vvhose growth may damadge me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marrie her,
Vncertaine vvaie of gaine, but I am in
So far in bloud that sinne vvill plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eie. *Enter Tirrel.*
Is thy name Tirrill?
Tyr. Iames Tirrell and your most obedient subiect.